

Chipmans

SMITH

Continued from C1

on the front of the scraper the major focus, and the vague image of Fred out on the lead horse a bit more distinct, though still indefinite. Like images from the Trinity, they guide the affairs of humankind in the absence of the Father. But it did seem a bit uncomfortable to remove Arth completely from the scene.

This morning I placed a few blue-shadowed footprints in the lower right-hand corner of the painting for composition's sake. Immediately, balance seemed right — not only balance in terms

of the painting's format, but also in terms of where God is in my life.

As time goes on, I become more consoled that he might be out there somewhere, though to see him so clearly that he might tip his hat toward me might be too much to ask.

It is enough to see the image of his footprints in the snow, to know that he has been here and will come again, or will be there in that moment when I cross over, to comfort and to love me, as I have struggled to learn to love myself and others while stranded in this blizzard of mortality, waiting for someone to clear the snow away — after the Great Storm.

Dennis Smith is an artist and writer living in Highland, Utah County.

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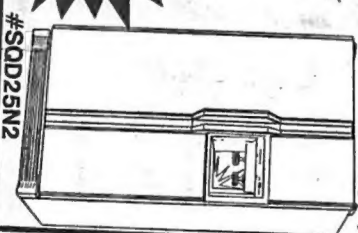
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